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GABBY HAYES

POPPING TROUBLE

MY! HOW LUCKY
THAT TWO BIG
STRONG HE-MEN ARE
GOING **MY** WAY!

SHUCKS, MAM
IT'S A PLEASURE TO
GUARD SUCH A
PURTY GAL!

BAR-O!

HMPH!
GABBY AND FRED
ARE SUPPOSED TO
GUARD THAT PRYROLL
WAGON **NOT**
MAIZIE CORN!

THE FAMOUS FOREMAN, GABBY
HAYES, THOUGHT HE'D SEEN EVERY
KIND OF TROUBLE THERE IS—UNTIL HE
MET A PECKY POPCORN REID, AND
GOT INTO A WHALLOPING
"POPPING TROUBLE!"

WHEN THE PAYROLL WAGON REACHES
BUZZARD CLIFF...

THEY SAY LOVELY FLOWERS
GROW ON TOP OF THAT
CLIFF, FRED! I'D SO
LOVE TO HAVE SOME!

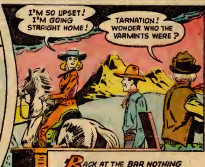
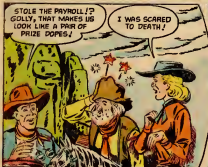
NOTHING TO IT,
MAIZIE! I'LL GET
THEM FOR YOU!

I'LL BE BACK IN
TEN MINUTES!

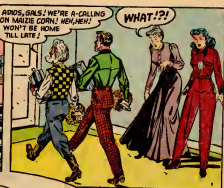
HEH HEH!
...GULP... **MY**
LITTLE CHORE
WON'T TAKE
HALF THAT
LONG!

GOOD WORK, DAUGHTER!
...CRUNCH...CRUNCH... WE
WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE
FROM THESE
HOMBRES!

GET TO WORK,
POP!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY'S BIG IDEA IS TO USE POPCORN TO CATCH POP CORN!







GABBY HAYES WESTERN

BUT JUST THEN...

HI, POP! THIS PAIR
OF HENS GOT SASSY
WITH ME--SO I
CAPTURED THEM!

AWK!
ELLIE
AND
HESTER!

LET'S KEEP
THEM TILL THEY
SEND FOR THEIR
JEWELRY!

BALLS O' FIRE!
WON'T BE
ANY RESCUE
PARTY NOW!
WE'RE ALL
ON THE
SPOT!

IN THIS HOPELESS PREDICAMENT, GABBY SUDDENLY BEHAVES IN STRANGE FASHION!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES,
VARMINTS! BAR NOTHING
WADDIES GOT YUH
SURROUNDED! THEY'LL
MOW YUH DOWN!

IS GABBY
LOOO? THESE
HOMBRES
WON'T FALL
FOR THAT
WILD TALK!

HAW, HAW!
WHAT A WINDBAG!
TIME WE ENDED
HIS MISERY!

IN A
SECOND,
SOMETHING'S
GONNA POP—
AND IT AIN'T
GONNA BE
ME!

SHOOT HIM
DOWN, BOYS!

FOR THE LAST
TIME, I WARN
YUH! VAMOOSE!
MY MEN HAVE
NEWFANGLIED
MACHINE GUNS!

SUDDENLY, THE BAG OF CORN GABBY HAD KICKED INTO THE FIRE STARTS TO POP!

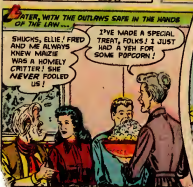
WAHOOO!
POUR IT INTO THEM,
MEN! THAT'S
THE STUFF!

YEOW!
LISTEN TO THAT!
GABBY TOLD THE
TRUTH! RUN!

EEK!
WE'RE
SURROUNDED!

STAY HERE, YOU BLOND
MAGPIE! WE'LL SETTLE
YOUR HUSH,
PRONTO!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

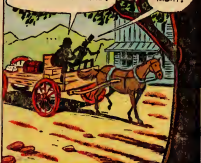


GABBY HAYES WESTERN

LOONIE LES
(THE MAD HATTER)



DID YUH SAY YUH WANTED TO GO TO THE ACME THEATRE?



THAT'S RIGHT!

SAY, AREN'T YUH THE FAMOUS ACTOR, CHANCEY MIDDLEBANKS?



YES, I AM!

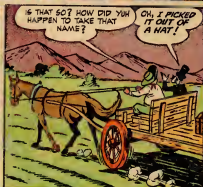
IS THAT YOUR REAL HANDLE?

NO, IT'S ONLY A STAGE NAME!



IS THAT SO? HOW DID YUH HAPPEN TO TAKE THAT NAME?

OH, I PICKED IT OUT OF A HAT!



REALLY? THAT'S THE WAY I GOT MY MIDDLE NAME! MY MOTHER PICKED IT OUT OF A HAT!

YUH DON'T SAY! WHAT IS YOUR MIDDLE NAME?



"SWEATBAND!"





CHIEF GREY MATTER

EXTRA INCENTIVE!



YOUNG FALCON

**THE KILLER
AT THE
HUNT!**



THE BUFFALO HUNT! ...
TIME FOR THE FINE
YOUNG WARRIORS TO
PROVIDE MEAT FOR
THEIR PEOPLE AND
SKINS TO WEAR AND
HIDE TO SELL! YES,
THE BUFFALO HUNT,
WHERE SKILL AND
BRAVERY ARE THE
TOOLS OF VICTORY!
BUT WHEN TREACHERY
STRIKES LIKE A SNAKE
YOUNG FALCON IS
AT HAND TO UNCOVER
THE ... KILLER
AT THE HUNT!

THE OHADONTA INDIANS BEGIN THEIR BI-MONTHLY BUFFALO
HUNT WITH YOUNG FALCON AIDING THEM!

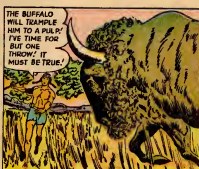


THAT FINE BULL BISON LOWERS
HIS HEAD! HE IS ABOUT
TO CHARGE! BUT
GRAY CLOUD IS
READY FOR
IT!

HE BEGINS HIS CHARGE!
GRAY CLOUD WAITS TILL
HE COMES WITHIN
CLOSER RANGE! IT
WILL BE A FINE
KILL FOR HIM!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THE BUFFALO WOULD HAVE DONE THE REST AND WHEN THE OTHERS FOUND ME LATER, IT WOULD LOOK AS THOUGH I STUMBLED UPON MY SPEAR WHEN HE CHARGED! BUT YOU WERE NEARBY AND THANKS TO YOUR SPEAR, I LIVE!

IT IS PLAIN LONG TRER DID NOT SEE ME NEARBY OR HE'D HAVE WAITED FOR A BETTER TIME! BUT NOW I WILL BRING BACK THAT TREACHEROUS JACKAL!

TAKE CARE! IT IS CERTAIN HE WAITED TO SEE THE RESULTS OF HIS TREACHERY AND SAW YOU SAVE ME! HE WILL BE ON GUARD!

SOME OF THE OTHERS WILL BE ALONG SOON! THEY WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO CAMP! I'D BEST GO AFTER HIM, QUICKLY!

AND, MINUTES LATER, YOUNG FALCON REACHES THE EDGE OF THE FOREST WHERE ...

SOME OF THE LEAVES ON THESE BUSHES FACE UPWARDS, AWAY FROM THE REST! HE HAS GONE THIS WAY AND BRUSHED PAST THEM!

HE CANNOT BE FAR AHEAD OF ME!

SUDDENLY YOUNG FALCON'S KEEN EARS CATCH THE SOUND OF A BOWSTRING BEING DRAWN! HE DIVES FORWARD JUST IN TIME AS ...

SWISH!

HE IS IN THERE, BEHIND THE SHRUBBERY! HE MUST PART THE SHRUBS TO SHOOT AT ME AGAIN!

YES-- THE LEAVES PART! THIS SHOT, ALSO MUST BE TRUE TO THE MARK!

AND WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, YOUNG FALCON FLINGS HIS TOMAHAWK AT THE SLOWLY PARTING LEAVES!

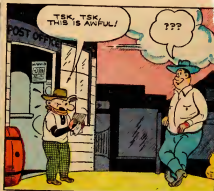
OWOO!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN



HAMMER HEAD

A TRAGEDY!



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GABBY HAYES

and **CORKER**, the **OUTLAW**

THE DIABOLICAL POWER OF EVIL EYE BLINK'S HYPNOTIC CROSS CHANGES GABBY'S PIERCING LAW-ABIDING STEED INTO CORKER, THE OUTLAW!

CORKER, I COMMAND YOU TO DISOBEY GABBY HAYES! YOU MUST ESCAPE AT THE FIRST CHANCE TO JOIN YOUR NEW MASTER---ME, EVIL EYE BLINK!

WHAT A BRILLIANT HORSE-STEALING METHOD! WHY, THIS HORSE WILL STEAL HIMSELF!

SAR NOTHING RANCH



HEH, HEH! ONCE THAT WONDER HORSE IS IN MY POWER, I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!

A WHILE LATER---

CORKER WORSHIPS ME. HE'LL DO ANYTHING I SAY!

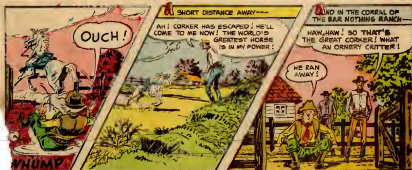
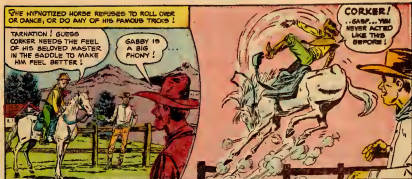
WE'VE HEARD PLENTY OF BRAGGING ABOUT THIS MIRACLE CRITTER OF YORES, GABBY! NOW SHOW US!

KNEEL FOR ME TO MOUNT, CORKER!

HA!
HA!

HA! HA!
HE WON'T DO IT!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THE EYE BLINK CASHIER IN WITH CORKER! IN TOWN AFTER TOWN THE GREAT HORSE HOLDS CROWDS SPELLBOUND WITH HIS FEATS!



AFTER THE SHOW, THE VICTIMS
DISCOVER THEIR LOSSES--- BUT
ALWAYS TOO LATE!

OUR POCKETS HAVE BEEN
CUT AWAY! WE'VE
BEEN ROBBED!



WE'VE BEEN
OUTSMARTED
BY A CLEVER
CROOK---AND
I KNOW WHO
IT IS!

YEP! MUST BE
THAT CRITTER!
THAT CRITTER
IS THE MASTER-
MIND OF A GANG
OF THIEVING
RANNIES!

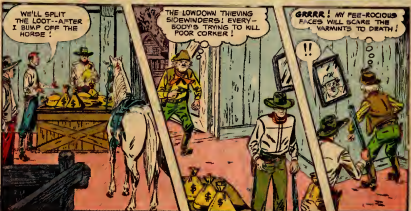


AND SO, THE INNOCENT
HYPNOTIZED STUFF BE-
COMES A NOTORIOUS
OUTLAW!

THUNDERATION!
IT'S CORKER!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN

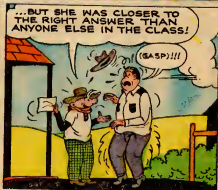


GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN







SNOW FUN



A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale

LISTEN to that old north wind a-howling! That's a sure sign of snow or my name's not Gabby Hayes!

Tell you what we'd better do. Let's each of us fetch an armful of firewood and we'll get into the cabin here and make everything snug and cozy. Then when the fire's a-roaring we can all relax, good and comfortable, and sing some old cowboy songs. Say, look there! A couple of snowflakes! What did I tell you? And speaking of snow, that reminds me . . .

As you know, your old chum Gabby is used to traveling pretty fast on account of my horse, Corker, being the swiftest cayuse in all the west. But there was one time a few years ago when I traveled even faster—must've been about two hundred miles an hour, I reckon—and it wasn't on any horse at all, but on my own two feet! I see your eyes a-popping, so wait till you hear the whole story.

It happened that I was doing a little work for the United States Marshal, trailing a band of mean owlhoots known as Bill Thirteen and his Dirty Dozen. I trailed them plumb up to the top of Paleface Mountain which is so called because there is always snow there, winter or summer. And there's a little town up there called Frozen Toe, and no wonder.

But in the town of Frozen Toe, I lost the trail. You see, it was so cold there that everybody was bundled up in coonskin caps and high collars, so the most you could see of any man's face would be his nose. This made a perfect disguise for Bill Thirteen and his Dirty Dozen.

And there was a whopping big crowd in Frozen Toe on account of they were having a ski-jumping tournament. It seems that some fellow had come there from Norway and he had brought with him something that looks like a long barrel stave and is called a "ski." Pretty soon everybody went to chopping and whittling and making themselves a pair of skis,

because they were even better than snowshoes for going down a hill.

I went out to where they had a big slide on the side of the mountain and some fellows were practicing ski-jumping and, of course, there were some of my fans there who recognized me at once because with all my warm whiskers I don't have to keep my face all bundled up.

One of them says, "That was some jump, eh, Gabby?"

"Not bad," says I, "but of course I could jump farther."

"My goodness, are you a ski expert?" this fan asked.

"Why sure," responded I. "Of course I am. It's child play. Nothing to it." I had never worn a pair of skis in my life, but I wasn't fibbing. I am an expert at anything I take a hand to.

First thing you know, there was a crowd gathered around, urging me to get in the big ski-jumping contest. I protested that I was too busy on account of having other work to do, but they wouldn't hear of it. So I agreed to get in the contest.

Unbeknownst to me, Bill Thirteen was in the crowd gathered around me and he saw a good chance to get rid of me. So he secretly cut through the leather straps on my skis, just enough so they would break if there was any strain.

I should mention that they had gotten up a prize of one thousand dollars in gold for the one who could make the longest ski jump. That gold was what Bill Thirteen and his Dirty Dozen were after, but they wanted to get rid of me, first. And they very nearly succeeded.

When it came my turn for my jump, I buckled on my skis and stood at the top of that hill that seemed like it was going straight down like the side of a canyon.

"Gabby, why are your knees shaking?"

somebody asked.

Well, I was shivering because it was so cold.

"Gabby, why are you sweating?" someone else yelled.

Any fool should know I was sweating because I was bundled up so warm.

"Why are you so pale, Gabby?" called out another.

Balls of fire! Everybody is pale in the wintertime because you can't get any sunburn. Well, somebody gave me a shove and I went sliding down that mountain about two hundred miles an hour. Then I swooped over a hump they had built in the snow and shot up in the air. Believe me, I sailed high up. I looked down below and saw two of my uncles standing at the bottom of the slope watching me. They were so far away that my uncles looked like ants.

Then the strap on my left ski broke off and the ski went falling down. A second later, the strap on my right ski busted and it left me. There I was, high in the sky without a ski. For a moment there, I thought I was a gener. Do you know how it is with ski-jumping? Well, you land going downhill and sliding on your skis. That breaks your fall. And if you land without skis, that breaks your leg, or maybe your neck!

Luckily, I have always been kind to birds. Birds of all sorts seem to take to me. Aunt Heesy once said, in a joking way, that it's because the birds think my whiskers are feathers. They think I'm a feathered friend. Anyway, I puckered up and gave out with my eagle whistle. In a matter of seconds, two big bald eagles came winging toward me. They hovered overhead till I could grab a leg of each one of them, and then they eased me down to the bottom of the slope as good as a parachute. I broke the world's record for ski-jumping by over two hundred feet! The Olympic Committee later disallowed the record because I had once played semi-pro baseball.

Only trouble was, after I landed, my two

skis came sliding down after me and whumped me in the head and pitched me into a snow bank. Bill Thirteen and his Dirty Dozen took advantage of this to steal the thousand dollar gold prize and they started riding off down the mountain. They had cut loose all the horses in town except their own, so nobody could follow them. And I couldn't go after them on skis because my ski straps were busted.

Naturally I drew my two trusty six-guns and started to fire, but both guns had been jammed with snow and they merely clicked. Well, sir, I was undaunted. I started making snowballs and I threw them. I knocked those owlhoots off their horses, one at a time, just like knocking over milk bottles at a carnival.

I threw thirteen snowballs and if you think thirteen are unlucky, you are plumb right. It was very unlucky for those varmints. I recovered the prize money and herded all those owlhoots into jail.

You never saw such a celebration. All the people in Frozen Toe yipped and hollered and some of them carried me on their shoulders and even that feller from Norway came up and shook hands with me. He said, "I never saw such a good jumper! You are the champion of all, Mr. Hayes!"

Then somebody said, "The way you can throw snowballs, you ought to be a baseball pitcher."

And I said, "Ought to be? Why, I am the best baseball pitcher that ever came down the pike."

WHICH is how the Olympic Committee found out I was a semi-pro player and disallowed the ski jump record. And they also took the prize away from me, but shucks, I didn't want the gold, anyway. Even if I had kept it, I'd have spent it all for birdseed to give to my two friends, the eagles!

THE END

*Laugh at the riotous GABBY HAYES TALL
TALES in GABBY HAYES WESTERN!*



GABBY HAYES

SPORTS CHAMPION

LOOK, GABBY!
SEE WHAT ELLE'S
POKE BACK ERST
SENT ME!

BAR-O
RANCH

HIMMM...
HOT LEAD MCNASTY,
WANTED BY THE
EASTERN LAW...
BELIEVED TO BE
HEADED WEST!

GABBY HAD NEVER SEEN
A GOLF BALL OR A TENNIS
RACKET—BUT THAT DIDN'T
STOP HIS BOUNDING EFFORTS
TO PROVE THAT HE WAS A
SPORTS CHAMPION!

GABBY! I THOUGHT
YOU COULD TEACH
ME TO PLAY GOLF
AND TENNIS!
DON'T YOU
KNOW NOW?

SHUCKS,
TIPPY, I'M
CHAMPION
OF EVERY SPORT
THERE IS!

TENNIS IS PLUMB
SIMPLE! YUH JUST GOTTA
—UH— HIT THE BALL TEN
TIMES! WATCH!

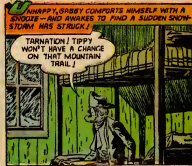
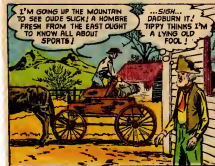
BWW!

GABBY!
WATCH
OUT!

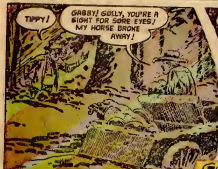
BONK!

SWOOSH!

GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY IMPROVISES SNOWSHOES BY TYING THE TENNIS RACKETS TO THEIR FEET!





GABBY HAYES WESTERN



DUDE IS MY PARTNER! WHEN ANYBODY LERANS THAT SECRET-- WE KILL HIM!





DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes



SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 33¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

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REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



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OR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

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LEVER-ACTION
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Buy this beauty repeater! Holds a most 1000 shot. Top performer at low cost. See it at Dealer's now!

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ONLY \$7.98

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TRY THIS
TRICK!



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POUCH OF BULLS EYE
GIVES YOU

MORE BB'S
for 5c

ASK YOUR DEALER OR MAIL COUPON FOR

FREE REMINDER KIT



See these beautiful Daisies at your favorite store today! Ask Dealer for FREE Daisy Christmas Reminder Kit or mail coupon enclosing unused 5c stamp! Kit will remind Dad, Mom or guardian to get you the Daisy you want for Christmas. It helped thousands get their Daisy last Christmas.

REMINDS THEM TO
GET YOU A DAISY

FOR
CHRISTMAS



Don't order any
other BB shot
if receiving such
BB's. Please order
to replace BB's used
and under license.
Daisy, Chicago

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